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RICHARD BEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1578.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

Choice Poetry.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF EARTH.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

They who touch in mildewed measure
That one month is dark and dear,
That it owns no single treasure
Nothing we may hold to bear;
Touch what God hath ne'er denied—
Lessons of remembrance—
He, who all comes hath created,
Ah this dull world is good!

They have not discovered in earth,
Nature's wealth at loveliness—
All He gives us is inherent—
Shall we not His bounty bless!
Sunny vales and verdant mountains,
Beds of every form and hue,
Broad, bold rivers, sparkling fountains—
Always beautiful and new.

Who could walk abroad, when even
Draws us contain o'er the sky,
Power not looking up toward Heaven,
On the pure stars fix his eye,
And then say this world is dreary—
Say that He who gave us birth,
Meant that we should mete grow weary
Of His dark and cheerless earth!

Human friends and social pleasure,
Bonds of sympathy and love,
Pure enjoyment, none can measure,
Kindly sent us from above,
These make up a sum of blessing,
Worthy of man's gratitude,
And by these I end in expressing
That the earth for good is good.

Never then with cheery sadness,
Take the lines His hand hath given,
But with voice of praise and gladness
Ever give Him to heaven.
And the clouds will sometimes gather
O'er each scene of earthly bliss;
Yet still trust a brighter Father—
There is sweety eye in this.

Christian Observer.

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER;
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "ISHMAEL; OR, IN THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(CONTINUED.)

They dined alone. As the day passed, Agnes each hour realized more and more sensibly, the great vacuity, the great solitude of their new dwelling—no farms or farm were seen near or in her but those of the mansion-house seemed their own; when they would cease talking, the sense of silence and solitude would become painfully intense to the ear. Sometimes, during the day, the spirits would have become awfully oppressed, but for the lively and tireless prattle of little Joe. She made Agnes acquainted, not only with the whole history of the Buttons of the Isles; but of the Grants, of Nicut Cole, who had once claimed the lonehurst isle, and named it St. Claire; of the Hardenbrooks, of the Rollers, who were so wealthy, and of the Wyllos, of Tuscarora Point, who were so hospitable and so extravagant.

After an early tea, Miss Joe wishing to raise the spirits of her pensive young protege, ordered Pontine Pinto to get ready the boat, and set out, all the family, to go and fish the weir, as that Agnes had never witnessed the operation of fishing. They took Agnes, and walked down to the beach, where Pontine Pinto, with his skiff, oars, net, basket, etc., were already awaiting them. They entered the boat, and were rowed around to the South end of the isle, where the weir was placed. The net had set, but the Western sky was clear and bright, and the moon was high in the East.

Miss Joe and Agnes sat quietly in the boat, while Pont fished the weir with a dip net.

"Oh, my honey, if there was only a murder to go for those fish, how much money one could make! but as it is, all that we can make out of them is about one third filled.

They rowed back to the landing. Miss Joe and Agnes got out on the strand, and Pont set the basket of fish out.

"You wouldn't carry them ashore yourself, Pont. You have got to carry Symmetrysa home in that boat! You stay there, and I will send her to you! When you carry the fish up to the house, you can bring the basket of fish."

They turned to the house, and as Miss Joe was an observer of very regular and very early hours, she dismissed "Symmetrysa," with her blessing, and then she, Miss Joe, showed Agnes her chamber, and talking Agnes they would's and the Pont who slept in the room with Pontine in the cockloft, prepared to retire. She dressed Agnes into the bed, upper chamber, and contenting her for the night, she left her with a "good-night; turning back, however, to say to her,

"If anything scares you in the night, honey, run on the trail behind your bed; mine, you know, is right the other side of the wall."

Then she retired indeed. Agnes bowed her shut her door. She then closed and fastened her self to turning in and undressing.

The large windows of this chamber looked out upon the open sea. The night was perfectly clear, and the moon and myriads of stars, which were reflected on the broad and boundless bosom of the Ocean, gave to the scene a sublime yet lovely aspect. And Agnes knelt and her "dip" candle, and then she sat down to enjoy the dark, the night splendor of the night; watching the stars in the dark blue heavens reflected in the dark blue sea—until, from the deepening shades of the closed water; watching the waves as they broke in a line of diamond light against the golden sands of the isle; her heart contending with emotions over the sublime scene in the distance, when she broke her reverie by remembering that it was only the time why that had left that morning—projecting perhaps into the future, and filling it with the old joy, and peace, and hope.

Very lovely she looked as she leaned there, her elbow on the window sill, her head supporting her chin, and her beautiful auburn hair flowing in bright, heavy masses over her shoulders and bosom. Her face was scarcely reddens, as with happiness of a contending kind.

Presently she turned from the moon-lighted shore the shining seas, from which her parents looked down and missed their child, from which certainly her Heavenly Parent watched her always.

Her gradually still and lovely the scene and her lights! so young footsteps! so fairest memory! so signs of human life! so far each seemed impossible and here in this lone sea-girt isle! Her countenance grew; till she saw a figure of a man, whom she recognized for Pontine Pinto, returning on donkey from his errand, some a mile or two of the seaboard, and some a little of sandy beach one of human life. She watched them until the broad, full moon had ascended to its meridian, and midnight seemed almost as bright as noon. It was then, that running her eyes along the coast, where the waters met the land in a line of foaming light, her attention was riveted by the sight of a large boat, manned by six rowers, and filled entirely and closely around the hands, and even as she perceived it, as this an event had it spent, it had already run ashore, and all the rowers jumped upon the beach.

During her eyes out to sea, she discerned the white sails of a large full-rigged ship, motionless and strongly marked against the deep blue background of the waters.

The ship was, in the meantime, had lifted anchor, and was now under full sail, and the character of the island. Withdrawing her head, so as to be shielded from their observation, Agnes watched them.

When about half-way between the beach and the house, they turned off toward the North end of the isle, and each disappeared in that direction.

Agnes withdrew her eyes from their vanishing figures, to fix them again upon the boat that was still there, and upon the ship which was still in sight and stationary.

Filled with surprise and wonder she sat watching for the men to return. More than an hour passed, and no change took place in the scene. Once or twice she thought of calling up Miss Joe, but she might awaken Pontine Pinto to send him to see who these midnight invaders of their lonely coast could be. But she distrusted her own fears and wonder. She distrusted her instincts. She said of herself what she had often had said to her, "I am such a weak, foolish, frightened girl, with shadows;" and then, "No! I will try to control myself, and not make a mountain of a mole-hill. I will try to have a little courage and self-possession. Hugh, who is at home, does not know that the first sight of a sail sets me around up the family in a panic of fear, because a few sailors landed on our isle to—but then those sailors had great cause for and why come silently at midnight?" she suddenly asked herself, and she looked at the ship, and then at the boat. "At any rate," she said, "I will not give the alarm until I see more, and I will watch here till they return."

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At last, sprinkled up and of a sunbeamed and delightful morning, and a magnificent sunrise fire and summer, Agnes does not remember where she was, and she sprang up in the middle, appeared to be dressed, opened it, looked around.

The boat was gone from the beach, the ship was gone from the sea.

Agnes stood and looked for God with the ocean and, and red upon the wide waste of water. Everything was holy and beautiful, and all still. The sunbeams, the waves, and the morning breathed and refreshed her, and not a sound, not a single stamp of human life was to be seen or heard.

Agnes arose and left the window, the ridge sea passed a flood of golden glory into the chamber, reproducing the large small windows on the floor.

And then the chirping, cheerful voice of Miss Joe was heard, as she came up stairs and tapped at her door.

"Come, honey, come! here is a pail of fresh water, if you want to wash, honey, beautiful as I have waiting an hour! 'Taint my habits to 'low the sun to catch me at the breakfast table, honey, for I'm early riser."

Agnes opened the door, and there stood the little woman, with a wooden bucket of spring water in her hand, looking as if life depended on haste.

"I'll be sure you sorry you should have taken the trouble to bring me water," said Agnes, gallantly, but self-accusingly of neglect.

"Lor', child, that ain't nothing! I ain't afraid of my labor. Come, make haste, honey! I want to go all round, and then I want to get my place a' sleep in the boat. *But*, honey, I don't 'low you can wash in that water, 'cause that's quite as much like the scarlet rose berries as they did yesterday."

"Oh, I'll wash soon!" said Agnes, smiling. "they will as soon as I get to working with you."

"Well, I want you to teach me to spin on the new wheel."

"Poor child! It's a pity my one is willin' to work for me, should it? Agnes is ignorance as long."

"Oh, but I have not," said Agnes; "my dear father did not neglect me. He sent me to a day school, where I learned to read and write, and the basket of fish out.

"You needn't worry others yourself, Pont. You have got to carry Symmetrysa home in that boat! You stay there, and I will send her to you! When you carry the fish up to the house, you can bring the basket of fish."

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Agnes opened the door, and there stood the little woman, with a wooden bucket of spring water in her hand, looking as if life depended on haste.

"All nonsense, child! All a pack o' nonsense!"

"Not so—not quite, I think! I can assure you and myself, and even Pont, by reading to him as you sit at work, that long, tiresome winter nights that are coming."

"Worse than nonsense, child! all old Saint's days and nights are coming!"

"But then the reading of sermons! I can keep your accounts straight for you."

"Not a bit of 'em, honey! I can count up on my fingers all the money I yars and spend."

"Then I will read to you. I'm going down to put the breakfast on the table."

The old lady left the room, and soon Agnes followed her example. They met down in a pleasant little room, more curious and elevated; and many odd furniture of the middle or even the upper classes are afloat.

Everything in that region was plentiful, superabundant, and unappreciated. The ocean was a source—there was no market and no enterprise. While sipping her first cup of coffee, Agnes asked,

"Aunt Cotter, something strange happened this night, I think."

"Strange, honey?"

"Yes, Aunt Cotter. After you went to bed, I sat at the window, and fell asleep. I was awakened by the candle so, I love it out—"

"Lor' child, you never never wrote the candle, though it e' home-limed."

"And I went and sat by the open window—"

"Lor' child! you never! the night air is very unwholesome in those parts. It's very apt to give fever-'n'-ague. I 'spects you have got the fever-'n'-ague, honey, and the pain! Tut, that's what happened to you. Well, honey, we'll try nothing strange or dangerous to cure you! and you must go to bed and take a sweat to-night, and to-morrow you must take some bitters to strengthen you—that's all!"

"Aunt Cotter, I didn't have a chill! I never had one in my life. But while I sat there, looking at the moonlight on the waters, I saw a brig lying at anchor—"

"Well, child, what of that? she was nothing strange!—all sorts of vessels are always going up and down this way, at all hours."

"Yes, ma'am, but this brig put off a boat which was manned by six rowers, and they pulled for the island steadily and silently, and they landed and filled and some great heavy weight, like a large sea-chest, and carried it across the isle towards the North end, frequently setting it down to rest, and lifting it again, until they passed out of my sight, toward the North end of the isle, so I said. I watched for their return to the boat until the ninth cock crowed, and then I went to bed and fell asleep."

"Lor' child, you dreamed them all!" cried the old lady, laughing. "Dreamed them all! All a pack o' nonsense!"

"Dreamed, Aunt Joe, I love you better than any one in the world, except—but it's I don't want to go. I want to go as much as to Joe."

"But why, why do you want to go? It's only a whim! You've every—"

"I—I—I've a curiosity to see the scene."

"You can see it well enough out o' your back windows!"

"Aunt Joe! I don't want to part with Hugh! and as he cannot give up the one yet awhile, why I must give up the land for a bit!"

"Oh, my Lor!" This is the upshot of my filling, and stirring, and comforting!—When I thought a wife would bring him to stay home, and save, instead of me going to see to make me canny, there's *me* going to see—which is twice as bad—and one being a bit of a girl, which is as bad as t'other! I won't! I won't! I won't! Lor, Joe! Oh, my good, loving, patient Lor!" and she pattered for it's enough to disencourage any poor, striving, ill'ing, contriving soul that ever lived!"

Agnes put her arm around her neck softly, and kissed her again in silence.

"Joe! Joe! Joe!" Joshua blows!" exclaimed the old lady, bitterly.

Agnes burst into tears. It might have been Agnes's sympathetic temperament, but she was rather apt to burst into tears as a last resort!

The old lady now broke out into loud sobs for company.

Hugh sat his trunk, hand-box and basket down upon the floor, and sat himself to the task of consoling and soothing both.

Miss Joe was the first to recover.

"Come here, Aggy, my darling child! You have been like a darter to me, honey! Kiss me again! They won't! Joshua kisses, honey; sobs—I 'lieve I was only my quick temper! They were true, loving kisses, from the account I've just had over smiled! Since you will go, Aggy, God bless you, my child! God bless you! I shall comfort myself very well by wearing such of your clothes as you have left behind you, and against you come back! Good-bye!" And she pushed him into the hall, and then placed in her hands the basket and bundle.

Hugh now came forward, and for the second time bade his wife farewell. He then placed the bundles, trunks, hand-boxes, baskets, etc., set out for the beach.

"If I'd only known, I'd a' had a cup of coffee ready for you!" said the old lady, and she looked really pitiable, as she stood there in her solitude, watching them as they went down to the beach, and embarked on board the little boat, and sped towards the distant ship. Having, with the aid of a spy-glass, seen them embark on board the ship, Miss Joe turned into her lonely home and began preparing her solitary meal.

CHAPTER VI.

SOUTH CAIN.

A grand antidiluvian hall it seems,
Not meeting, but discouraging approach.
Rogers.

Nowhere so silence reigned there like a law,
And the only sound was the sea,
Save when the swell of somber funeral
Into into the outer-body hall,
As some chance wind in memorial Autumn
Sighed.
Dorchester notes, although from many things.
New Timon.

It is six months since the events with which we closed the last chapter. Autumn, with its deep blue, sunny skies, its rich and heavy foliage, and its blooming flowers, has passed, and has bequeathed place to another scene—to Mount Calm, the seat of General Aaron Gerout. Even from the bay per you can see mansion house with its broad white front, as it nestles in the highest of a distant range of hills. After passing through the village of Button, and going up and down the grassy hills that rise one above the other beyond it, you enter a deep hollow, thickly grown with woods, and passing through it, begin to ascend, by a heavily shaded forest road, the steep and rugged hill of the range—Mount Calm. When about half-way up this hill, you come to the brink wall enclosing the private grounds, and passing through the porter's gate, where old Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been many months domesticated, you enter a heavily shaded carriage drive, that, sweeping around in an ascending half circle, brings you up before the mansion house. Here you can turn around and view the grounds and the landscape below. The lawn, with its numerous gigantic oaks and elms, its vine-clad arbors, serpentine walks and rustic seats; the magnificent old forest enclosing it in a sweeping semi-circle; the undulating hills below, as they fall one beneath the other towards the level land; the distant village of Button, with its quiet little life; the bright inlet flowing on to the sea; the boundless sea itself meeting the Eastern horizon. Turning now towards the house, you see a noble edifice, surrounded by marble steps, and adorned with beautiful fluted columns and pilasters, and with a wide hall in the middle and wide; through the centre of the main building, and open at either end, and with wide and wide doors admitting into vast, well, and luxuriously-furnished apartments—two on a side, divided from each other by a corridor and staircase. On the first floor, on the North side of the broad hall, are two parlors, separated by folding doors, and connected by a lofty arch, with crimson velvet curtains and gilt cornices; on the South side, the dining-room and the library were similarly divided. On the second floor, on the North side of the broad hall, the lady's bed-chamber and dressing-room were separated by an arch, hung with rose-colored silk curtains; on the same floor, on the South side, were a corresponding suit. The third story contained several handsomely-furnished spare chambers. The wings that flanked the building were occupied as follows: the North wing had been designed for a picture-gallery, with a sky-light, but was empty and closed up; the South wing comprised a handsome saloon, opening upon a conservatory, with a fountain playing.

Behind the house was a green slope and a thick grove that screened from view the extensive out buildings connected with the establishment, and which were scattered down the back slope of the hill. Here were situated the stables, the kitchen and servants' apartment were toward the nearest, then came the wash house, bake house, tool house, etc., all separated by hedges; below these were the stables, kennels, barns, and all sorts of rural buildings, for a full description of farmstock and poultry, and still below these, and on every side below, were farms, gardens, fields, wood lots, and the meadow, and every kind of building for all manner of purposes. Here were the cottages of the farmers, wheel, tyr, cots, tobacco, etc., spread all over the undulatory land at the bottom. The entire land-estate was known throughout the country as the Old Mansion, and had been the seat of the Revolution, when it had reached its highest importance.

The estate was then in the hands of Charles Gerout, a native of the State, and an Associate Judge of the Provincial Court. His family consisted of a wife, two sons and a daughter.

At the breaking out of the Revolution, Judge Chester and his two eldest sons joined the army, among the first, and at the triumphant close of the war, Chester, the eldest son, was left in command of the army, and the two younger sons, with their parents, returned to their estate of Mount Calm, where they were left not only in possession of the field of glory, but also in the full fruition of victories won upon the immortal plains of Yorktown. Here it happened that the eldest daughter of the heavy estate, and all its burden of onerous responsibilities, fell upon the first Mrs. Gerout, who, as the mother of the family, living at home with her simple-hearted, devotional mother, and her gentle, loving sister, Ellen, grew up in the midst of the most sacred and elevated influences. Here, too, the first Mrs. Gerout, in the absence of her father and brothers with the American army, Allen saw very little company as she grew up to womanhood, and was thus left free to devote her whole time to the education of her children. Here she began to throw out their fosters for knowledge and sympathy, even as a mother eagle throws her nestlings out its roots for new nourishment. Their only visitors were a few quiet, domestic ladies, and the neighboring clergy, who came once or two every week, and occasionally, on Sundays, to service and preaching, and the two ill-fated young men, Gerout and Allen, were left entirely to the influences of the quiet, holy, and pious home, and to the influences of the quiet, holy, and pious home, and to the influences of the quiet, holy, and pious home, and

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

Original Sketch.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

Clippings.

THE WEEKLY DISTRIBUTION.

BURIED TALENT.

AMERICA ABROAD.

LETTER FROM KOSSUTH.

Humorous Sketch.

ELECTIONEERING.

Foreign Items.

General News.

Miscellaneous.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

THE STOCK MARKET.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Illinois arrived at New York on Saturday last, bringing $1,850,858 in gold, and 876 passengers. Among the latter were Senator Gwynn and wife. The Illinois also brings the California mails to September 15th. The officers report that there were seven persons on board who have made one hundred thousand dollars by their labors at the mines.

The connection of the Panama Railroad to Gatun, undoubtedly took place on Friday, October 10th, or Saturday, October 11th, as at the time of the sailing of the Illinois there remained only 400 feet to be filled in, and they were making that distance daily. The engineers confidently expected to have the track laid, and run the locomotive through to Gatun on Sunday, the 12th inst.

We take the following paragraphs from the correspondence of the N. Y. papers, and from the California press:

We also learn that the English Expedition, consisting of two vessels, sent to Behring's Straits, in search of Sir John Franklin, have discovered nothing; and, in consequence of the difficulty of working through the unusual masses of ice, have abandoned the undertaking, and are about returning home.

CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE—EXTRAORDINARY YIELD OF BARLEY.—A crop of barley has recently been threshed, which was raised on the rancho of Senor Moraga, on the Contra Costa, during the past season. From two hundred and forty-four pounds of seed sown, the yield was twenty-two thousand and five hundred pounds. For each pound of barley sown, the yield has been 92 1-5 lbs.

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.—We give the latest reliable returns of the recent election for Governor. From these, Reading (W.) appears to be 250 ahead. Trinity, San Luis Obispo, Klamath and San Diego are still to be heard from. Passengers by the Chesapeake, which arrived on Saturday night, are of opinion that Trinity and Klamath will give Reading a small majority.—The vote is exceedingly close, and the official returns alone can decide the result. The rest of the Democratic State ticket (including the two Congressmen,) runs considerably ahead of Bigler, and are all elected, with the exception, possibly, of the candidate for Surveyor-General.—Mr. Herron, the Whig candidate for this office, runs nearly as well as Reading. The vote throughout the State is small.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.—From reliable returns thus far received, the Whigs have elected two State Senators and the Democrats eleven.—One Whig and five Democratic Senators hold over. The Senate consists of 23 members. To the Assembly, 14 Whigs and 29 Democrats and two Independents have been elected. The House consists of 63 members—of which 32 are a majority. The counties to be heard from will un- [illegible]

[illegible]

this Continent. In the evening, scores of machines are held, where used to congregate the "great unwashed," who resort there just before the departure of every steamer for Panama, for the purpose of buying presents, in the shape of Chinese shawls, &c., for their wives and daughters whom they expect to meet on their return home.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The editor of the New York Tribune, who served as one of the Juries of the Great Industrial Exhibition in London, has published a notice of the prizes awarded, as far as they come within his knowledge.—These prizes were of two kinds, the *Jury Medals* awarded by the Juries to the several articles of merit exhibited in their several classes, and the *Council Medals* given by the Council of Presidents of the Juries. Of the latter there were to be in all but 169, which were to be distributed among the several nations, thus:—

To Great Britain	78	To France	56
To Germany	12	To United States	5
To Austria	4	To Russia	2
To Belgium	2	To Switzerland	2
To Tuscany	2	To Holland	1
To Spain	1	To Rome	1

To Turkey, 1.

The following are the awards of the *five*, which were to be given to the United States:—

To C. H. McCormick, Chicago, Illinois, for his *Virginia Reaper*.

To David Dick, Meadville, Western Pennsylvania, for his *Anti-Friction Press*.

To Charles Goodyear, New Haven, Connecticut, for his *India Rubber Fabrics*.

To W. Bond & Son, Boston, Massachusetts, for an *Electric Clock*.

To Gail Borden, Texas, for his *Meat Biscuit*.

Of the Jury Medals, it is stated that about two thousand were to be awarded, of which one hundred probably would come to the United States. In the class of General Hardware, including locks and grates, the following were the Americans who received Jury Medals:—

To Day & Newell, New York, (represented by A. C. Hobbs,) for their *Parautoptic Bank Lock*.

To W. Adams & Co., Boston, for their *Combination Bank Lock*.

To McGregor & Lee, Cincinnati, for their *Improved Bank Lock*.

To G. A. Arrowsmith, New York, for *Jennings's Permutation Lock*.

To Charles Howland, New York, for his *Improved Bell Telegraph*.

To Cornelius & Co., Philadelphia, for a *Bronze Chandelier*.

To Silas C. Herring, New York, for his *Salamander Safe*.

To Chilson, Richardson & Co., Boston, for *Furnaces and Stoves*.

The above, it will be noticed, only includes the General Hardware medals.

FEMALE AGRICULTURIST.—*Mrs. Farnham.*—A correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury writes as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, 21st July.

"About society in general, I cannot say much, because there is none besides the usual bachelor resources in hotels, taverns, bar-rooms, etc. These, however, are as plentiful and luxuriously provided for as bachelors desire them.

"In Santa Cruz, I called on Mrs. Farnham. I found her not at home, but met there a Miss Bruce, who received me kindly, and not only kindly, but familiarly, simply excusing Mrs. F. for being absent on a field, where she overlooked some work. After some conversation, where I struck a number of rich veins, of course without medically bleeding them, I discovered that she was a highly educated Scotch woman, and learned that she, with another lady, from Massachusetts, and an Irishman, were in partnership with Mrs. Farnham—something like a Fourierite association. Miss Bruce had the care of the garden, Mrs. ——, from Massachusetts, the housework, Mrs. Farnham of the fields, and the Irishman of the hard, coarse work. The farm is delightfully situated in the bosom of a green hill, covered with wood, [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

BULWER'S BEST BOOK.

THE OXONIANS!

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1852.

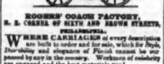
INCREASE OF READING MATTER!!!

[illegible]

WORLD'S FAIR.

[illegible]

[illegible]



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WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$6 00 TO $20
VESTS,	1 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	1 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

CITY CABINET WAREHOUSE,

173 CHESNUT STREET,
OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

CABINET WARE,
CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY,
ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,
NEW STYLE
FAVORITE DESIGNS NOW IN VOGUE IN
PARIS,
FOR SALE IN SETTS, AS IMPORTED, OR MADE TO ORDER FROM THE SAMPLES WHICH ARE REGULARLY RECEIVED.
PLAIN FURNITURE,
WALNUT, MAHOGANY, OAK, AND OTHER WOODS.
The largest Stock of well made Furniture in the Country. All constructed of Seasoned materials and made by the best workmen.
CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE, SATIN, SATIN LAINE AND OTHER MATERIALS FOR SALE, AND CURTAINS HUNG IN STYLE EQUAL TO ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.
BOUDOIR PIANOS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
NO. 173 CHESNUT STREET.

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck,) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c., DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD [illegible]

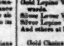
Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhoea, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.

This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulcerations and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with Scrofula of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that their contents were frequently discharged through the apertures formed by the disease, and after she had then lain in a most deplorable and helpless condition for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of [illegible]

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



[illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

AUTUMNAL VESPERS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The chestnut burs are bursting brown,
The acorns fall around;
The Autumn's golden sun goes down
Behind the purple mound.

The light is dying out on all the land,
And in my heart this light is dying, too,
My life's last life, a fading ember,
Turns faint, then cold, and then the darkness we
Shroud.

Hush, my heart! Lie still, as with his lessening hand
Your task is done, and kept his sworn estate,
Obedient to the last and end of the land.
To rest it comes at last.

To rest it comes at last.

The blossom of my heart, she shrinks away,
Withdraws with fearful eyes, and will not speak
The love-rapture in thrumming by and shook,
And ponder in her dear eyes, day by day,
Cloud, by, Thy purpose has been fully done.

Thou hast but to withdraw to dust my every
That part of the Thy sun and shower, my
Thy
The blossom yet unknown!

In autumnal vale! God will not fill the Spring
Replace with sudden pause the Autumn's gold;
And so the world must gather one dear soul that
Shall be to me, and to the universe, one thing
Which else had never been. Therefore, my heart,
Thou shouldst be ever rested but glorified
For all her radiant presence, May shall bring
A memory and a name.

What know the weeds, that soon shall be no more,
Who I know the leaves fallen, the sunglass air,
Loveliest in lessening days? Yet I discover for
In sunshine entered by the April bird?
What knows that which Cloud will never hear;
Or what is bud or bloom to Summer's ease,
To lift her look beyond the dream dark
Of
No memory can recall.

I never knew the sustenance even could wear,
With all their pomp, so near a line of Death;
I never knew their soft and calming hand
Could rob the lambing tenor of strength to hear,
Touching the sublimity of Autumn.

Yet, peace, and soul! to preach and pay shine
Bestowed through every cover! head them in prayer,
Refused by divine.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day. Observe and die
With meekness, if you may learn from Him,
And darkened hour, whose fair to sojourn she:
I will be patient, love my master
His grave and blessing, and I fall repine.
In my own hands my want and weakness use—
My strength, oh, God! in Thine.

Pictures of Life.

LIFE IN THE MAINE FORESTS.

From a new volume called "Forest Life and Forest Trees," by John S. Springer, a Native Americanwoods, we take the following sketch:

THE DOWN EASTERN LUMBERMEN.

Lumbermen not only cut and haul from choppings to the streams, but they manufacture. At favorable mills, and commodious sites for converting trees; and when they are thus carried on *afloat*, are known as the "white pine" logs in Maine, and "yellow" wild or dealing, are square the skill and enterprise of our men.

For taking logs down mountain sides, we adopt various methods, according to the circumstances. Sometimes we make a road for the horned ox, which reach from the upper edge of a precipice down to the base of the hill. This is done by laying logs or trees of suitable length, and of size together the whole distance, which is at times a mile or more, and then hewing out a road at the sides. Logs are rolled into the upper end, the descent at first being very steep; the impetus soon becomes like wings to the logs, goes bounding, flying to the lower and narrow limit. From the roughness of the surface, the friction is great, and the logs are worn away in the course of the season.

At other times, when the descent is more gradual and not too steep, and when there is not a sufficient supply for the expense of a road, we cut a large tree, sometimes the pine, sometimes the Hemlock, into out the top, and cut the largest limb off a fork, near to, from the trunk. This is attached to the end of the log by strong chains and as the men draw the load, this drag throws the thread of the log, and the limb, which is left on the fork, and thus prevents the load from turning the trees and rocks, and keeping the road clear. The limb which attaches the hold-back to the load, we, using could save the team from sudden death-ward.

There is a mountain on the "west branch" of the Penobscot, where Pine trees of excellent quality stand for up in cities, whose logs appear to sweep the very clouds. The side which furnishes the timber is barren and rugged, presenting many fascinating a succession of abrupt precipices and darting fields-land. There are three of these giant mountains, each of which is known by a name, lumber which challenges the admiration and attention of all beholders. The largest of these, the pine grows in low abrupt to allow the team to ascend in because; we therefore turnpike and drive the winding path around it. The road is made by choppers who are carried up by the workmen, and also the hold-shed in places, after taking it apart. Ascending in the opposite direction, the team are reported and the sled adjusted. The logs being cut and prepared as stated, are hauled, and hauled to the edge of the first precipice, unloaded and rolled off to the table of the second terrace where they again haul, hauled, and then unloaded off at better, in the top of the first rise, from the second, again down to the base of the mountain, where, for the last time, they are loaded and hauled to the landing.

The scenery in these mountain locations was nearly or boundless as it was laborious, varying continually from the usual routine of labor to it to suit the changes of the season. In the winter, for instance, an exhilarating spirit exercised in the performance of their massive logs, bonding and shivering whatever might obstruct their giddy plunge down the steep mountain side, making the valleys reverberate and ring merrily with the concussion.

In other localities are cared down hill sides by the use of "rocked and fall," or by a strong "rung," taking a "hike" round a tree, and holding on which the speed of the load is to be moderate the load is "rolled down" steeps where the descent is too rapid for the "rung" to be used to hold the pressure of the load. Sometimes the very part under the tool to which it is then substituted, when the load plunges forward by a avalanche, subjecting the poor cows to a shocking death.

But the circumstance which calls forth the most interest and emotion is the "river load." When the snows have melted and the streams begin to admit of convenient intercourse, a spirit of rivalry is often felt between the different crews, and between "camp" to "camp" in the "river" or "market chopper," the "best cook," the "greatest day's work," and a score of other superlatives, all herald with emulation, the gather from isolated circumstances of seeming life.

The "crank" load is preceded by all sundry preliminaries. All defective pieces in the road are replaced by "skids" or "poles," and blasted by burning off the butt smoothly and plentifully, and all rocks and stumps in the road-bed. All essential repairs are made on the bob-sled, and the team put in contracting plight. The trees selected for the "big load" are carefully put by, paved, and hauled in some convenient place on the main road or stream, and there left, sometimes piling on two and sometimes three large trees. All things in readiness, the men follow up with handspikes and "dogs" the "key" of the "key" of one," and by rod, or foot by foot, the whole is moved forward, requiring every ounce of strength, skill of each and every man to perform the feat of getting it to the landing. When life and limbs are endangered, all will be done under the circumstances. The surveyor applies the rule, and the tamil gives either the one or the other party "whoever is glory." If not "restrictions," the vanquished pay the "club-house" either day or hours the drink. Now here and will have embossed; with spirits more warm brought, everything, more telling, odds to the stock of "other side" to the smoke. Every one has his "fault," who, in the absence of other misdemeanor, will have his share of "contemplation" or "grumbling," according to the nature of either, or clever himself to be the butt of good natured ridicule.

But while the greater part of among his is more or less merry, there are occasional interruptions to the general harmony. Sometimes a log will break one generally laid out with due regard to the circumstances of level or gently descending ground. Sometimes a log will crushing teeth and the whole load will be thrown into confusion. Sometimes a log will run off the road, and in the attempt to replace it will be in his careless possession.

But there is no actual misery in this labor. Sometimes a man will be injured by the falling of a tree, or by the breaking of a limb, and sometimes a log will crush the life out of a man, but these are accidents which are liable to occur in any employment. Generally speaking, the lumberman is a hardy, healthy, and happy man. He has his privations, and endures his hardships, but he has his pleasures, and enjoys his comforts. He is a man of nature's own stamp, and he has the manliness and independence of one of the men—trees, about him.

THE PREACHER AND THE LAWYERS.

From Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers in New England, was a man who combined with great zeal and piety a rare degree of humor, which he was not unfrequently in the habit of giving the following specimen of Lee's power to raise:

As he was riding on Nantucket one day, he found Mr. Hosier and Lyon, he one evening to a very young lawyer, who knew that he was a Methodist preacher, and who had a great curiosity to hear one of his sermons. Relating him, and reading their hearts on each side of him, they rode along for a considerable time. Then the following:

Lee—I believe you are a preacher sir?

Lee—Yes; I generally preach.

1st Lawyer—I'll guess you have very often, I suppose?

Lee—Generally every day; frequently twice or thrice.

2nd Lawyer—How do you find time to study, when you preach so often?

Lee—I study when riding, and read when I ride.

1st Lawyer—And do you not write your sermons?

Lee—No; not very often.

2nd Lawyer—Do you not often make mistakes in preaching extemporarily?

Lee—I do, sometimes.

2nd Lawyer—How do you do, then? Do you correct them?

Lee—That depends upon the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and I came to a text in which I had not long before that part in the John that beareth with fire and brimstone; and, I confess, I said,—All forgive shall have their part—!

2nd Lawyer (interrupting him)—What did you do with that? Did you correct it?

Lee—Oh, no, indeed! It was so nearly true, I didn't think it worth while to correct it.

2nd Lawyer—Why, sir, I should think you would be very much mortified at such a blunder!

Lee—Not at all. I was then engaged in the important glance at the other,) "I don't know whether you are the more a knave or a fool!"

"Neither," he quietly replied, turning at the same time to his companion, "for we are both of either: "I believe I am just between the two!"

Nothing they ever came up with so well in reasoning, the laughter of the green log drew closed, leaving the victor to estimate and his own assistance.

EXPERIMENTAL ACOUSTICS.

A new correspondent, from Utica, N. Y., tells us the following good story:

Riding along with a friend the other day, a few miles out of the city, we came across a country farm house, with a beautiful garden in front, and a shrubbery in the rear, apparently overrun with a luxuriant, when an old man of seventy stepped out. When we arrived near him, he ordered to his dog, which, obeying the order, ran off with a will, a noise was again heard in the door, and the old man, with the other turn out. He evidently had intended to call out with his hands, pressed outside, the former to his mouth, and the latter to his ear, when he was taken out in the contrary direction, and

As it a later period, we lost our locality by an accident not altogether disastrous. It was at the closing up of our Winter's work in hauling. Late in the season we had piled and rolled a large load on the river, which was to finish the last of the season's work. The day arrived, and with it the well-entered landing. Wanted with the frequency of the teamsters on the same road for the same purpose, this day had been completed with a very heavy labored; and when the two was loaded, he started to accommodate it with pendered assistance. "Ho," said he, "a my load first." For the last time the team was placed in order; it was the last time we had heard a hundred of them. Conceit it moved at the signal given, and he was soon lost to view in the frequent windings of the road. We had waited some frequency, and it not been for closing up the Winter's work that day, the landing would have been deferred until another day.

The usual preparations for our evening's meal had been gathering for an hour, and yet he did not come. Again and again some one of the crew would peer out in the dark, and watch the jingling of the chains as they were carried by the horses, and listen for the "gee" or the silence of the early night. Unwilling to go to rest the moment we had entered for his safety. But no sound was evidence that the team had wandered in fear or trust, we, every moment expecting to hear or meet him, until the landing was finally reached. There, quietly chewing the cud, and apparently enjoying the comfort of the fire, stood the well-known team of their devoted owner. Hastening to it, we found the load in a properly secured off the sled, but leaned over at a right greater our almost unbelieving vision: There lay the yellow birch in the middle of the road, with the chain that bound the load, the team, and the driver, all lying upon them. The driver's head, resting on the roots loosened in the rains heated by rock and fire. It proved, indeed, his last resting-place.

INDIAN DEVILS AND BEARS.

There is no animal in the day the voice of our forests which excites more fear than the bear, which, on account of its ferocity, is significantly called "*Indian Devil*"—in the Indian language, "the Lone Bear," a name to the Indians, who is the only animal in New England of which they stand in fear. Two stories of the bear, the moose, the bear, and the wolf crew, and the rest was ready for the chase and the encounter. But none the object of his fond, and he left significantly shake his head, while he exclaims, "*He all one debil!*"

He is imitated by the name of Smith, met with the following adventure in an encounter with one of these animals on the mountain, while hunting, a way to join a crew engaged in timber-making in the west.

He had nearly reached the place of encampment, when he came suddenly upon one of these ferocious animals. There was no chance for retreat, and he had no time for consideration or counsel in because; we therefore tarried and drew up in battle array, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. The bear, on his part, made the same arrival by the workmen, and also the bob-sled in places, after taking it apart. Arresting in the approaches, however, the bear reported and the sled adjusted. The logs being cut and prepared as stated, are hauled, and hauled to the edge of the first precipice, unloaded and rolled off to the table of the second terrace where they again haul, hauled, and then unloaded off at better, in the top of the first rise, from the second, again down to the base of the mountain, where, for the last time, they are loaded and hauled to the landing.

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Selected Articles.

FULFILLING AGREEMENTS.

The remark has been made by observing men, that with regard to social morality, but more especially in the business world, or even with the common affairs of life, there is a great want of conscientiousness in the fulfillment of promises and agreements. Not a few of the most estimable considered binding, among them, with our orders or subscribers, to do, as far as possible, what they have undertaken. Many a good commercial credit, and great pecuniary resources, have been produced by the completeness in every matter from an abhorrence of deception, both in all the relations and transactions of life. Indeed, the strictest honesty is the best policy, even in the sense of promoting the success of worldly interests. Many a man has become rich by the simple observance of this principle, while others have failed in their undertakings, and have been ruined, because they have not been sufficiently careful in the fulfillment of their engagements.

We have often heard it remarked that mercantile honesty or conscientiousness is a matter of mere worldly interest, and not a true feeling of duty to God and man, and to be the ground of religious principle. We do not know that the opinion is true in all cases, but we believe it is generally so. Yet we cannot but regard it as a most unfortunate circumstance that the full idea of religious principle should ever be made to depend upon worldly interest. The true principle is that of duty to God and man, and to be strictly regarded, according to the dictates of the Christian religion, as the rule of life. Whether it be for worldly interest or not, it is the duty of the Christian to be upright and conscientious in all his dealings with his fellow-men. Whether it be for worldly interest or not, it is the duty of the Christian to be honest and true in all his transactions with his fellow-men. Whether it be for worldly interest or not, it is the duty of the Christian to be faithful in the fulfillment of his engagements. Whether it be for worldly interest or not, it is the duty of the Christian to be strictly conscientious in the fulfillment of his agreements. Whether it be for worldly interest or not, it is the duty of the Christian to be strictly conscientious in the fulfillment of his agreements. Whether it be for worldly interest or not, it is the duty of the Christian to be strictly conscientious in the fulfillment of his agreements.

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He is imitated by the name of Smith, met with the following adventure in an encounter with one of these animals on the mountain, while hunting, a way to join a crew engaged in timber-making in the west.

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The scenery in these mountain locations was nearly or boundless as it was laborious, varying continually from the usual routine of labor to it to suit the changes of the season. In the winter, for instance, an exhilarating spirit exercised in the performance of their massive logs, bonding and shivering whatever might obstruct their giddy plunge down the steep mountain side, making the valleys reverberate and ring merrily with the concussion.

In other localities are cared down hill sides by the use of "rocked and fall," or by a strong "rung," taking a "hike" round a tree, and holding on which the speed of the load is to be moderate the load is "rolled down" steeps where the descent is too rapid for the "rung" to be used to hold the pressure of the load. Sometimes the very part under the tool to which it is then substituted, when the load plunges forward by a avalanche, subjecting the poor cows to a shocking death.

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Wit and Humor.

THE PREACHER AND THE LAWYERS.

From Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers in New England, was a man who combined with great zeal and piety a rare degree of humor, which he was not unfrequently in the habit of giving the following specimen of Lee's power to raise:

As he was riding on Nantucket one day, he found Mr. Hosier and Lyon, he one evening to a very young lawyer, who knew that he was a Methodist preacher, and who had a great curiosity to hear one of his sermons. Relating him, and reading their hearts on each side of him, they rode along for a considerable time. Then the following:

Lee—Yes; I generally preach.

1st Lawyer—I'll guess you have very often, I suppose?

Lee—Generally every day; frequently twice or thrice.

2nd Lawyer—How do you find time to study, when you preach so often?

Lee—I study when riding, and read when I ride.

1st Lawyer—And do you not write your sermons?

Lee—No; not very often.

2nd Lawyer—Do you not often make mistakes in preaching extemporarily?

Lee—I do, sometimes.

2nd Lawyer—How do you do, then? Do you correct them?

Lee—That depends upon the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and I came to a text in which I had not long before that part in the John that beareth with fire and brimstone; and, I confess, I said,—All forgive shall have their part—!

2nd Lawyer (interrupting him)—What did you do with that? Did you correct it?

Lee—Oh, no, indeed! It was so nearly true, I didn't think it worth while to correct it.

2nd Lawyer—Why, sir, I should think you would be very much mortified at such a blunder!

Lee—Not at all. I was then engaged in the important glance at the other,) "I don't know whether you are the more a knave or a fool!"

"Neither," he quietly replied, turning at the same time to his companion, "for we are both of either: "I believe I am just between the two!"

Nothing they ever came up with so well in reasoning, the laughter of the green log drew closed, leaving the victor to estimate and his own assistance.

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THE DWELLERS IN THE ALPS.

Mr. C. L. Brace, whose imprisonment and ad-ventures in Hungary have placed him prominently before the American public, while the pen of a ready writer, writes a letter to the Hartford Times, in regard to the people of the Alps:

I suppose nothing in the Swiss Mountains, or some equally reliable source, have a vague impression of the simplicity and unworldly habits of the dwellers in the Alps. We picture a beautiful pastoral life of people occupied with the social and finer duties of life. We see the shepherd in broad Swiss bonnets, and chamois hunters, who talk in simple rural style. The truth is, however, that one of the *sharpest* people on the earth; they altogether excite the Yankee in making capital of their surroundings and resources. There is no place on remote where you will not find "short cuts" to money, and where you are not paying for them. You cannot escape to a solitude so wild that little boys will entwine chamois, or the most lonely valley, however, but will be filled with photographs and drawings, do not follow you, bowling the guide-book, and you will find yourself forced into a sort of contest, to enjoy the solitary scene by yourself, and you will not be there fifteen minutes before you will find a guide anxious to point out the scene at so much a sou.

All this is quite natural, be a country which is the highway of the world, and where the rich and the poor, and those only wealthy of Europe, come to see the wonders of nature. But it is not the less annoying to the traveler, who did not anticipate this sort of thing, and who finds himself occurred during the first survey of the road, and the first survey of the road, and the first survey of the road, and